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THE DEATH OF JAMIE AND JENNY

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VERY SLOW

Gin Living worth cou'd win my Heart you woud nae Speek in vain but

in the Darkſome Grave its laid ne-ver to riſe a- - -gain My

wae-fu' Heart lies low wi' his whoſe heart was on-ly mine- - and

oh what a heart was that to loſe but I maun no re- -pine. Yet

oh gin heav'n in mercy ſoon Wou'd grant the boon I crave- - And

tak this life now naething worth Sin Jamie's in his grave. And

ſee his Gen-tle Spirit comes To ſhow me on my way- - - Sur-

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prifed nae doubt I ſtill am here Saer wondring at my ſtay. I

come I come my Jamie Dear And oh wi' what gude will - - I

follow whar - ſo - e'er ye lead Ye can - na lead to I'll She

ſaid and ſoon a deadlie pale Her fa - ded Cheek poſ - - ſeſt - - Her

wae - - fu heart for - got to beat Her Sorrows ſunk to reſt.

For the Guittar.

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LASS GIN YE LO'E ME TELL ME NOW

I hae laid a Herring in Sa't Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now
I ha'e brew'd a Forpet o' Ma't an' I canna come il - ka day to woo.
I ha'e a Calf will foon be a Cow. Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now
I ha'e a Pig will foon be a Sow an I canna come il - ka day to woo.

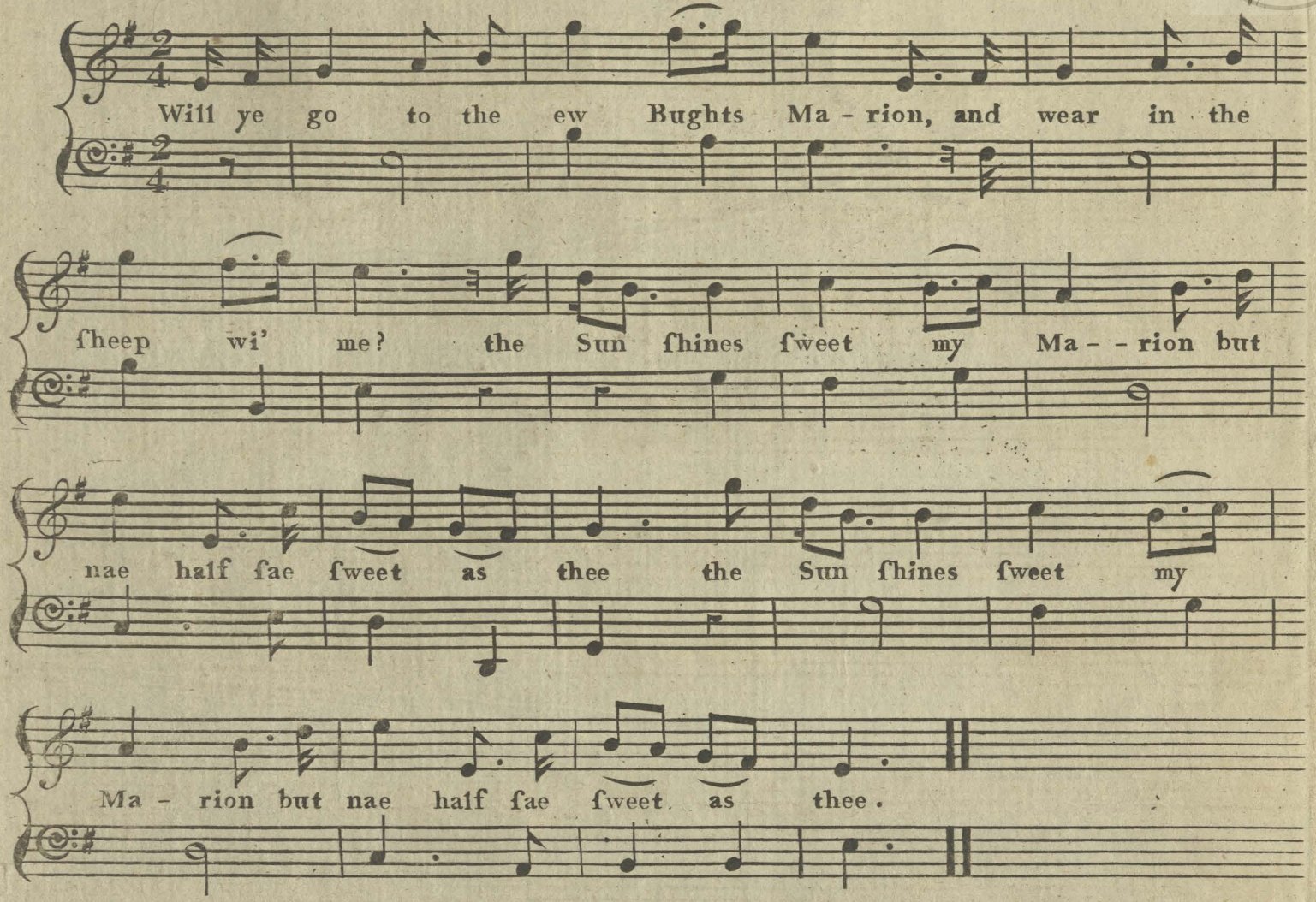
I've a houfe on yonder muir,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,
Three Sparrows may dance upon the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;
I ha'e a Butt and I ha'e a Benn,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
I ha'e three Chickens and a fat hen,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a Hen wi' a happity leg,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
Which ilka day lays me an Egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;
I ha'e a Kebbock upon my fhelf,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
I downa eat it a' myfelf,
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

For the GUITTAR.

For the GER: FLUTE.

GO TO THE EW BUGHTS MARION


Will ye go to the ew Bughts Ma - rion, and wear in the
ſheep wi' me? the Sun ſhines ſweet my Ma - - rion but
nae half ſae ſweet as thee the Sun ſhines ſweet my
Ma - rion but nae half ſae ſweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny Laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me,

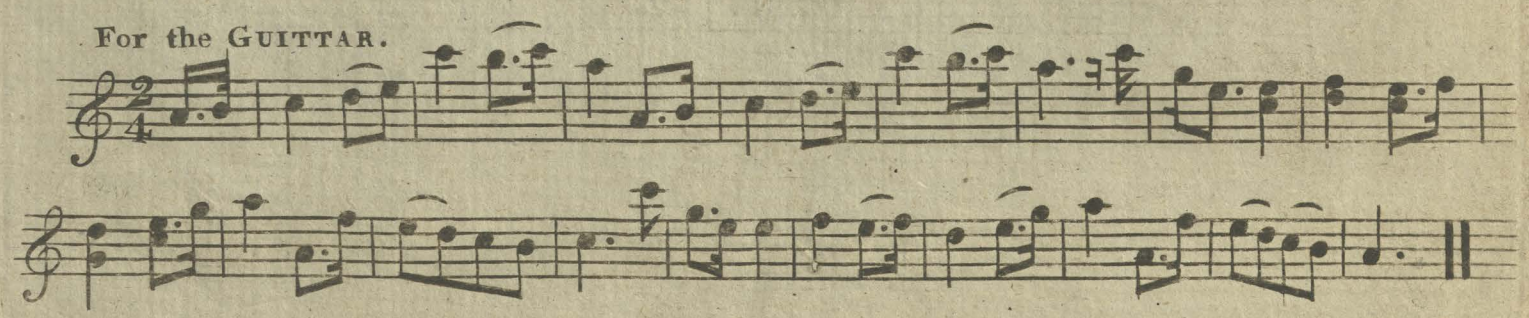
I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion
Juſt on her bridal day;

And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

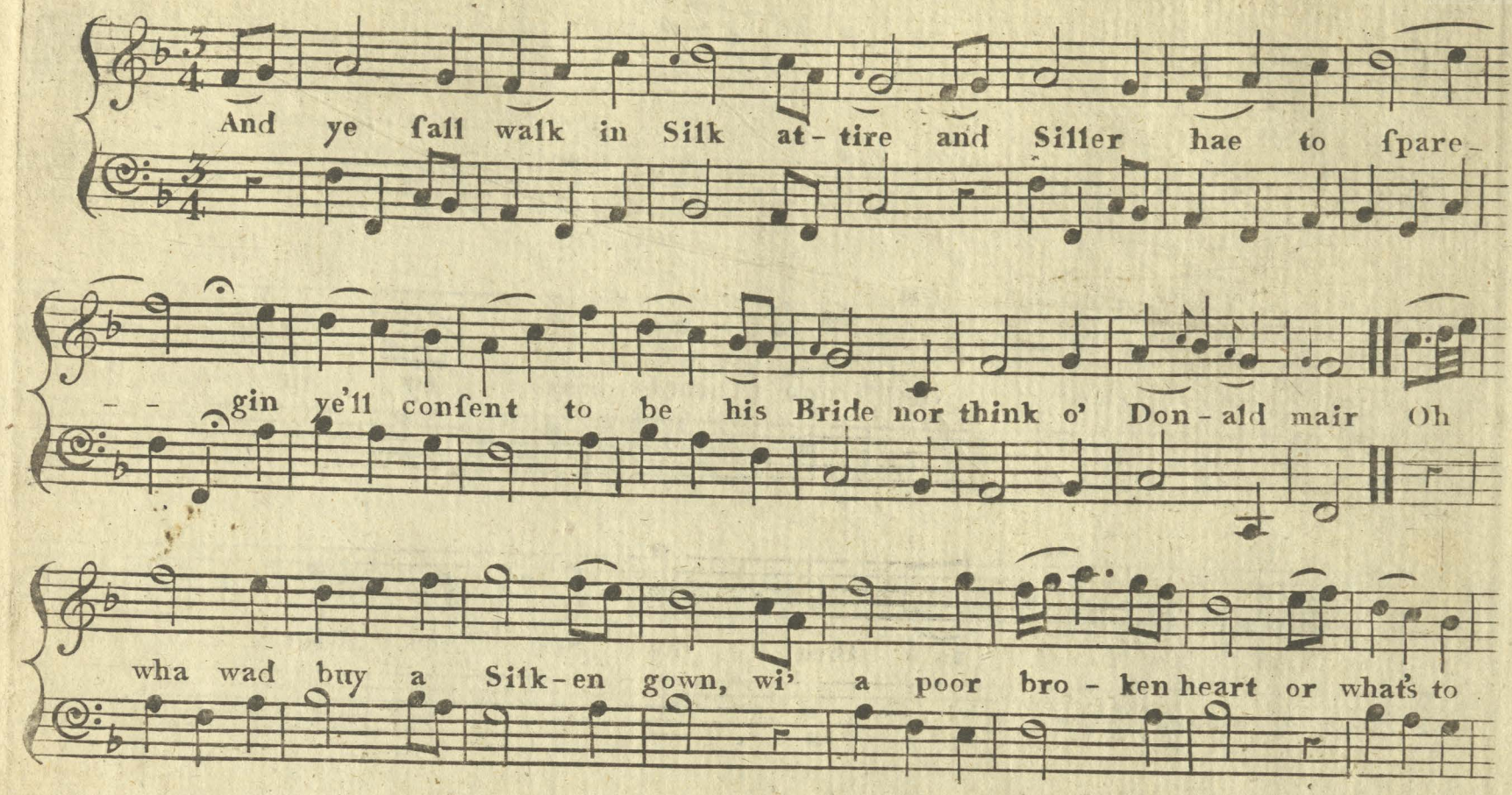
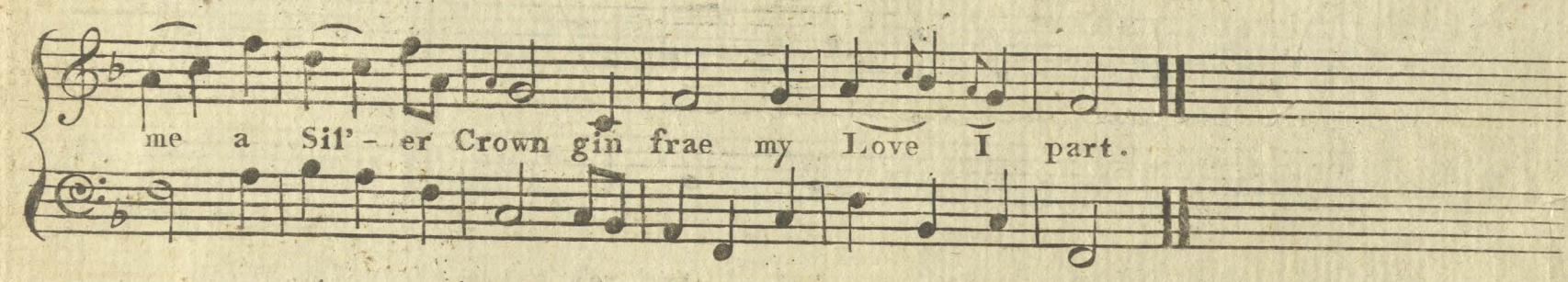
I'm young and ſtout my Marion
Nane dances like me on the green,
And gin ye forſake me Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' jean;

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

For the GUITTAR.



THE SILLER CROWN


And ye ſall walk in Silk at- tire and Siller hae to ſpare-
– – gin ye'll conſent to be his Bride nor think o' Don- ald mair Oh
wha wad buy a Silk-en gown, wi' a poor bro - ken heart or what's to

The mind whaſe every wiſh is pure
Far dearer is to me
And e'er I'm forc'd to brack my faith
I'll lay me down and die
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donalds fate to ſhare
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wie' a' its virtues rare

His gentle manners won my heart
He grateful took the gift
Cou'd I but think to ſeek it back
It wou'd be war than thift
For langeſt life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me
And e'er I'm forced to brack my troth
I'll lay me down and die.

FOR THE GER: FLUTE.